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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 20:39:59 GMT

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Thursday, November 1, 2068, around 2:30 p.m., Tracy Island

"Okay, let's call it a day," Scott told Cassie as the flight scenario came to an end with the plane in one piece. The landing had been far from perfect. She had come in too fast; the landing was bumpy and the plane wasn't on the right runway. Still, it was her best performance so far and there was a noticeable improvement since they'd had their conversation a couple weeks back.

He waited for Cassie to come out of the simulator. "Not a bad lesson today," he told her as she joined him.

"Well, I'm still alive so I guess that's something," she replied, not thrilled with her performance today but even she could see she was at least making improvement now.

"I'll take you up for real next week. Let you get some experience at the controls of an actual plane, though I'll handle take-off and landing. I don't think you're ready for that yet."

"I won't argue about that," Cassie told him as the two started to leave the room. "Oh, about the training on Mobile Control we discussed last week, I'd like for you to do it."

"Are you sure?"

Cassie nodded. She had gone back and forth on the decision a few times but was confident this was the right choice.

"Okay. I'll figure out some times for the sessions and let you know when they are."

The two walked on in silence. When they reached the point where they would go their separate ways Cassie spoke up again.

"Scott, I was wondering if we could play pool again sometime. I know I'm no competition for you, but I did have fun the last time."

"I did too," he admitted. The lack of pressure to win, like he often felt when playing against his brothers, had been nice. It was nice to just enjoy the game for a change, he thought. "And what do you mean no competition? You did win that one game."

"Yeah, right. You sinking the eight ball because you were goofing around hardly counts as a win. Especially since the only ball of mine not on the table was the one you knocked in," the black-haired woman replied, smiling.

Scott laughed. "What about next Monday? Say after dinner?"

"Works for me."

"Okay. I'll talk to you later then," Scott told her, giving her a wave as he headed toward the villa.

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